Army and Navy News

THE surgeon general of the Army has made his plans for the publication within five years after peace comes of the enormous medical and surgical history of the war. Five huge volumes published thirty-six years after the civil war contain invaluable records of the medical discoveries in surgery and disease of those times, but when they appeared most of the physicians who had made the history were dead or retired. Germany did better than that in writing the medical story of the Franco-Prussian war, for it brought the work out sixteen years after that contest had closed. The surgeon general, back in July, 1917, created a division charged with the recording of the data which will be used as the basis of the medical history of this war, as it appears in the fighting zones and in the camps and cantonments on this side of the Atlantic.

The division has as its director Col. T. C. McCullough, now abroad in connection with the work, and his senior officer, Col. Casey A. Wood, acting director in the office of the surgeon general, assisted by Lieut. Cols. F. H. Garrison and J. S. Fulton and Dr. L. McAfee. Their work will cover all arms of the service and will extend even to the Emergency Fleet Corporation.

The history will cover all classes of cases. It will include the work of many sections—X-rays, camps, hospitals, the financial side of hospital and medical supplies, the work of dentists and veterinarians. The latter alone have, on the average, care of 12,000 animals in every camp in the United States, each of which has its hospitals for sick and wounded horses and mules. Eminent surgeons and sanitarians will contribute to the records of what they have seen and done in surgical developments and disease prevention. The director has established relations with the British and French medical officers for co-operative aid and contributions. He has representatives in our foreign hospitals observing and reporting the progress of the treatment of the sick and the wounded, and will also have full reports of reconstruction work in the base hospitals. An advisory council, consisting of Col. V. C. Vaughan, Col. W. Mayo and Lieut. William Welch, will assist the board in all matters coming before it where such assistance is requested.

* * *

THE Army ordnance department, in addition to providing all the ordnance munitions for the Army, has undertaken the training of personnel to account for, deliver, maintain, repair and keep up reserves of military rifles, pistols, machine guns, field guns, heavy artillery and the hundreds of kindred supplies for the troops in training on both sides the Atlantic as well as those engaged in the thick of the fight. Col. W. W. Gibson has been appointed to succeed Brig. Gen. Thompson, whose name is identified with the production in quantity of the United States military rifle, as director of all ordnance training schools, and his staff consists of Maj. F. L. Thompson, executive assistant, and Capt. A. A. Ricker and Capt. O. S. Boyer, staff assistants.

The department has organized schools at Metuchen, N. J.; Peoria, Ill.; Aberdeen, Md.; Frankford, Pa., and Watervliet, N. Y., where they are giving instruction in training officers and enlisted men in the maintenance and repair of artillery, small arms and machine guns, tractors, trucks and motor cycles, oxy-acetylene welding, operation of railway artillery, maintenance and repair of fire control instruments for artillery, in the relining of guns for oversea service, for general inspection work for ordnance. The training of ordnance supply personnel is carried on through the medium of thirty-six field depots.

The department after a year and a half of experience is turning out a trained personnel that will about be in time to meet the big supply of artillery which may break out at any time.

* * *

COLUMBUS, GA., is a scene of great activity at the present time, as it is being prepared to receive thousands of officers and enlisted personnel in the Infantry School of Arms. The infantry schools at Fort Sill and Camp Perry, Ohio, have been ordered to their new camp grounds at Columbus, at which they are to report by October 1.

Col. H. E. Eames has been ordered from Fort Sill and Col. Mortman from Camp Perry to the new encampment to make it ready for occupancy. It is the intention of the War Department that at first a tent encampment will be established to accommodate the rather small contingent to be sent there until the grounds can be cleared and a cantonment built. Later, when the grounds are ready for the training of the personnel, who are to become instructors of the infantry of the new Army in the use of small arms during the severe weather of the winter, a much larger contingent will be sent to this camp.

* * *

A RIDER to the last Army appropriation act, without any such intention on the part of the author of it, contains a provision which makes an unfortunate discrimination against Regular Army officers in regard to the computation of the period on which to base longevity pay. The misapprehension arose in this way. The Army appropriation act of 1917 contained a provision that officers of the National Guard should have full benefit of the time spent by them in the guard in making up the longevity period. This provision worked a hardship upon the members of the guard, who were transferred from that branch to either the National or the Regular Army, for the judge advocate general held that under the language of the act only those officers remaining in the Guard were entitled to use their Guard service in calculating their longevity time.

With the intention of correcting this inequality, a rider was attached to this year's appropriation bill, which in effect provided that officers of all forces other than the Regular Army, in computing their longevity time, were entitled to include their period of service in the National Guard. It is generally supposed that the official who drafted the rider had the impression that officers of the Regular Army never had served in the Guard, and, therefore, could not be included in the class that would benefit by the provision, but this belief is wrong. And although there was no intention to favor other branches over the regulars, the result is that many former Guard officers serving in the Regular Army today are now receiving smaller pay than their companions in that service who have reached the same rank in either the National Army or the National Guard.

* * *

THE division of military aeronautics reports that Col. M. F. Davis of the administrative office is making an inspection of the air service mechanics' school at St. Paul, Minn. This school is for the purpose of training men in the mechanics of aircraft in order to provide mechanicians for the airplanes that are in use at the many training fields in the United States and France, as well as for the aircraft (balloons and airplanes) engaged on the battle fronts.

One of the great troubles in training fliers has been the scarcity of men skilled in the special work of keeping flying machines in perfect condition, for unless this is done the aviation students lose confidence, first in their machines and then in themselves. At one time at Taliaferro Field it was impossible to keep the practice machines in good order, due to the fact that the division of aeronautics had skimmed the country in order to obtain good mechanicians for the foreign service. The object of the school at St. Paul is to train men already skilled in general mechanical work for the special work which is required to keep the eccentric flying machines in perfect condition.

This course of training is of value also in preparing a certain number of men to do the fine work of adjustment at the factories making airplanes for the government. Aircraft production has met many troubles from the fact that it was a new art, and that it was as difficult to obtain artisans equipped to do the work as it was to determine the type of machine to adopt or the make of motor to drive the airplanes.

* * *

A NAVAL officer of high rank recently gave good reasons why the assignments of officers in the fleet were not made public; and these reasons show that the United States officer understands the psychology of the German, and that the German does not always "outguess" the American.

It is well recognized here that for years Germans through their elaborate spy system have made thorough studies of the characteristics of the American naval officers, and that they have, with Teutonic methodic care, filed away in their records all the information that they have been able to pick up concerning the men who are now in command of the major vessels of the Navy as well as of the admirals who are directing the movements and operations of the fleets and their division. They are able, or think that they are able, to form an opinion of the qualities of these officers as to whether they are ready fighters or conservative, cold strategists depending upon success in maneuvering their commands or men of the type always "ready for a frolic or a fight." For instance, the German fleet commander-in-chief in the Jutland fight knew that Admiral Beatty would fight, no matter what might be in his path or how strong the enemy fleet, and he was equally confident that, when Jellicoe arrived, there was little chance to decoy the British naval force over waters in which might be a German mine field.

So, to avoid giving the enemy any chance whatever to make a plan based on the probability of what the American commander might, by his personal quality, be inclined in certain circumstances to do, the Navy is playing safe and refusing to give out any information as to the assignments of officers as well as the designation of any particular vessel.

Around the City

MOST people are honest, but it is the exception that gives pungency to the rule.

One man, for one instance, keeps medieval junk. Among his customers the other afternoon was a woman who wanted a table, something in Chippendale to match a whatnot that had come down 'steen generations on mamma's side of the house. The proprietor was starting off to bring forth Chippendale when the woman, seeing a chair convenient, sat down.

Spindle-legged furniture is artistic but treacherous, as the lady should have remembered before she weighted her overstock of too, too solid, etcetera, on spidery legs that cracked the instant she let herself go.

The tag price of the chair was something awful—though as the proprietor protested what could you expect of a treasure that had had its honored place in an Italian palace for over two hundred years, but if the lady would pay $20 for the damage she had done——

The woman, scared out of her wits but game to fight, protested in turn that if the wood was that old no wonder it was rotten—and what right had he, anyhow, to put out a chair like that for customers to sit down on. She was sorry, of course, but she didn't consider herself to blame.

The man differed with the polite invincibleness of one who speaks in the cold terms of money. The lady must pay.

"Me? Give you $20 for that old thing? Why, I wouldn't have it as a gift."

"All right, ma'm. Here, boy, follow this customer and get the number of her house. Don't you think you had better pay, madam, instead of going to court, I am willing, just to be easy with you, to knock off $10."

And then another customer who had been looking the chair over, a man who should have been christened Special Providence, if names went by actions, stepped into the situation:

"I happen to be in the business myself and know the exact value of this chair. Without going into embarrassing particulars, let me suggest, madam, that you pay this man 15 cents for his time and trouble in mending it; and if you hear any more from him let me know and I'll go into court myself with a charge of false pretenses. It is fraud of this sort, sir, that ruins any trade. Better come out with me, madam, and the next time you want antiques take an expert along."

And the chances are that the ancestral whatnot will never know the companionship of a table to match.

* * *

THE other Sunday a woman on her way to church was accosted by a young second lieutenant, who asked with eager frankness:

"Will you do me a favor—that is, if you are going to this church up the street?"

As the woman was going to the church and was glad to do the favor, the officer opened his coat and furtively revealed a gay little umbrella which he passed over with a gasp of relief. He said:

"This belongs to a woman in that church and I am to give it to her. My wife borrowed it last night and was to meet the lady here to return it, but a headache kept her home and I had to bring it instead."

"But how am I to know the woman?"

"That part is all right. All I want you to do is to carry it to church for me. I simply cannot walk the street with this noisy thing. Everybody was grinning at me and nudging each other until I had the sense to hide it. But, heavens alive, I might have got myself into fifty-seven varieties of trouble. We are not allowed to carry things like this, but what could I do? The woman leaves for the west on the noon train. I give you my word, though, if I had noticed it before accepting its shelter last night I would rather have gotten soaked."

It was quite the most startling umbrella the friend in need had ever seen, of deep green with a broad edge of yellow and with a bow of green and yellow ribbon tacked on the tortoise shell handle, topped by a yellow celluloid hoof.

They walked together to the church entrance, where he relieved the good Samaritan and asked the usher for a certain pew, in which sat a pretty, yellow-haired woman, who smiled and nodded and placed the gorgeous affair in the corner.

That was all there was to it, except that the woman who helped out and who has been doing various patriotic services for men in uniform was able to tab down this one in her memory as being the most unique.

P. S.—This good little happening was given out by a friend.

* * *

THERE is a new toy—made in Japan—which looks like a lead pencil and sounds like a horn.

Everybody—leaving out old man Scrooge—accepts a Christmas horn as a forgivable crime, but it was perfectly obvious that every passenger on the car wanted to choke off a small girl who tooted her way from Capitol Hill to Center market the other forenoon. She was a pretty child with remarkable lung power and her persistency is going to be a fine asset if she grows up to apply it along safe lines. As she blew into the pestiferously harmless looking thing she walled her eyes around self-consciously in search of approbation. Getting none, she tooted louder for a pleasant change. Her presumable mother bore the affliction with a chronic patience characteristic of parents who are too mistakenly fond to make their youngsters behave, but the passengers around were not so placidly resigned. Two jolly, commonplace women, each loaded with empty market baskets and cord bags, had things to say on the subject, and they said them good and loud:

"I like kids all right, but if that young one belonged to me I'd spank her so hard that——"

"What can you expect with a mother like that?"

The mother woman must have heard, by the way her ears turned red, but she pretended not to. The child merely tooted a little louder.

The two marketers got out at 7th street and the horn virtuoso slipped into a window seat one of them had vacated and sounded a farewell toot of jubilation. It was also what you might call her swan song, for the conductor, goaded to intervention, politely invited the young miss to consider her recital at an end.

To the gaspy astonishment of everybody around—and just to show that it takes all sorts of people to make up a car crowd—a fat, little old body in badly laundered white, topped with a rose pink sweater that would have been all the better for a launerding of any sort, charged a lance in behalf of the breaker of the peace.

"Let the child play if she wanster! Don't you know that the angels in heaven play horns? If you don't, I can show you a picture of little winged cherubs a-blowing gold——"

"That's all right, lady. I haven't got a thing to do with running heaven, but I'm expected to look after this car."

"Young man, you think you're mighty smart, don't you? But let me tell you something. If you was to see that picture——"

"I know all about 'em, lady. Little angels, all heads and wings, and not a lung in the lot to blow with."

Somebody chuckled and the small girl discarded the horn thing to consider the conductor with lavish smiles—of the teeth-shedding variety. And all was peace.

* * *

YOU never can tell what will happen.

A woman was thinking deep in her heart—over a cup of tea, with a good friend facing her—that this is a mighty fine and cheerful old world in spite of everything, when there came a telegram——

And the next morning she placed a gold star under two blue ones on a wall.

No, you never can tell—thank God

NANNIE LANCASTER.

The Monkey and the Scotchmen

By Pierre Mille

A French war story, translated by William L. McPherson.

SINCE the British troops now fight in close co-operation with ours, it happens more frequently than it used to that their wounded are sent to a French hospital for immediate treatment. Later on they can choose whether to stay or to be transferred. That was the case with Private John MacIvor, who belonged to a Scotch regiment, the Lennox Fusileers.

Struck in the thigh by a bullet, he was hurried by French stretcher bearers, who picked him up on the battlefield, to one of our hospital units situated just behind the fighting line. MacIvor was washed and his wound was properly dressed. The bullet, which lodged in a fold of muscle, was skillfully extracted by a surgeon major with three stripes. Then they put the patient in a white bed, with sheets a little rough but fresh, between which he stretched himself luxuriously. No more than our poilus do the soldiers of his majesty the King of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of India remain insensible to the advantages of a wound requiring delicate treatment.

"The comrade has the air of finding life still agreeable," thought his neighbor.

But this impression was suddenly disturbed by an untoward incident. Mme. Suze, the head nurse, is a woman of great courage. She has proved it by remaining for three years in the hospitals near the front, bombarded often enough by enemy aviators. She has herself been wounded, and wears on her breast a well earned Croix de Guerre.

Yet Mme. Suze has one little weakness. She imagines that she knows English, because she learned the rudiments of that language at a boarding school. She exerted herself, then, to make a remark in his own tongue to Private MacIvor, intending it to be as flattering as possible. And she produced something to the effect that "she was very happy to take care of a brave English soldier."

To her great astonishment and that of all her assistants, this amiable remark was received with frosty reserve. Then, when Mme. Suze repeated it, suspecting that her pronunciation had been at fault, it evoked an outburst of violent protest. Mme. Suze could not understand this outburst. In the first place, they had not taught her that kind of English at the boarding school. In the second place, according to her idea, MacIvor "talked too fast." People who know a foreign language only very slightly generally have the conviction that those who speak it talk too fast.

She went away quite out of countenance. Some minutes later the Corsican sergeant, piccioni, who really knew English, having spent three years in America, said to MacIvor:

"You have offended that good woman. Why did you do it? She was only making you a polite speech."

"I know that I was wrong," MacIvor admitted frankly, "but it was too much for me. She took me for an Englishman. I can't stand that. It is a terrible thing to be hit by a bullet and then to be taken for an Englishman in the bargain."

"But," said Piccioni, in amazement, "you are English."

"I am not English," MacIvor protested violently. "I am Scotch. It isn't the same thing at all. In England all the people who amount to anything—in the army, in industry, in commerce, in politics, in law, in the navy or in the merchant marine—are Scotch, or Irish, or Welsh. They are never English." Piccioni, scandalized, but polite, limited himself to replying that those were questions of a domestic character into which he must refuse to enter, and that they were certainly inapropos at a time when we were all at war with the boches.

"Perhaps you are right," MacIvor conceded. "But, you see, I can't stand it—I shall never be able to stand it—when any one confuses me with those people of the south. I know one thing, and that is that the best people in the world are the MacIvors of Clan MacIvor."

"No," answered Piccioni, "the best people in the world are the Piccionis of the Piccioni family. There are 500 of us in the neighborhood of Sartene.

"I see from your words," said MacIvor, "that you are capable of understanding me. You have in your country clans such as we have. After the MacIvors the best people in the world are those of Cauldtaneslap."

"How do you say that?" asked Piccioni.

"Cauldtaneslap. It is very easy to pronounce. There are the MacKees, the MacKinnons, the MacRaes—all more or less related to the MacIvors. After that there are the other clans of the Highlands. After that there are some families in the Lowlands. After that there is nothing at all."

"I understand," rejoined Piccioni. "Or, at least, I begin to understand. It is a little like the way we think in Corsica."

"To explain it to you further," MacIvor continued, "I must tell you the story of a monkey who came once to Cauldtaneslap. It was a magnificent monkey, an orang-outang as big as a man, who belonged to an American circus. The circus, giving exhibitions, traveled all over Scotland with its monkey, who was a great attraction. But at Lammermoor, which is near Cauldtaneslap, he fell sick, very sick. He had lung trouble. Scotland is the most beautiful country in the world. But its climate is a little moist. And it seems that orang-outangs live better in warm countries. So this one died.

"The circus people regretted his death because he brought them honor and profit. But what could they do with a dead monkey? They placed him gently on the side of the road and then whipped up their horses. The dead monkey lay there, stretched out alongside the highway.

"There Archie MacIvor and Gilbert MacIvor, my cousins, came across him that evening. They were returning, I believe, from a little smuggling expedition.

"I told you that this monkey was as big as a man. He had, in fact, absolutely the appearance of a man, with grayish side whiskers and his hair parted in the middle of his head. I didn't see him. But I tell you what they told me. Gilbert and Archie were much touched.

"'What a misfortune!' they said. 'Here is a man dead on the roadside! And close to our firesides! And he had to die without the consolations of religion! We must, at least, give him a Christian burial.'

"Meanwhile they turned him over and looked at him carefully. The corpse was naked. So it must have been a crime. Would it not be advisable to inform the magistrates and to summon the laird, who was at the same time a justice of the peace, to hold an inquest? But at this moment Archie suggested a necessary preliminary.

"'We must first know,' he said, 'whether the dead man is a native of the country. It wouldn't be worth while bothering about any one who wasn't a native. Who, then, is he?'

"Gilbert kept looking at the figure of the poor monkey.

"'It's strange,' he said. 'He is not a MacKinnon. He is not their type. And neither is he a MacIvor.'

"'Certainly he isn't a MacIvor,' my cousin Archie affirmed, indignantly. 'I would have recognized him immediately. There are only 500 MacIvors.'

"'Then what clan does he belong to? Great heavens, what clan does he belong to?' asked Gilbert, much bewildered.

"'He isn't a MacKee,' my cousin Archie went on. 'You know that all the MacKees have long noses. This dead man has a snub nose. Perhaps he is a MacRae. All the MacRaes are very ugly.'

"'They are ugly,' Gilbert admitted, 'but it isn't the same kind of ugliness. And they haven't such large toes. This man has toes as big as fingers.'

"'Brother Archie,' Gilbert concluded, suddenly, 'I am going to tell you something. He isn't a MacIvor, is he?'

"'No,' swore my cousin.

"'He isn't a MacRae, nor a MacKinnon, nor a MacKee?'

"'I'm sure of it,' Archie agreed.

"'Then—he is an Englishman. Let us leave him here.'

"So they left him there," John MacIvor concluded, with an air of serenity. "You understand that since he was an Englishman it wasn't worth while wasting any more time on him."

(Copyright, 1918.)

Mad Germany.

"THE Germans," said Representative Tinkham of Massachusetts, "still talk solemnly to one another about their defensive war, the war that the allies forced upon them.

"Are the Germans all mad? Are they all drunk?

"The Germans remind me of two pallid, wild-eyed men in a barroom.

"'I've been very sick,' said the first man, and he shuddered. 'I had snakes and lizards crawling all over me.'

"The second man looked at his friend, and then he, too, shuddered.

"'Why, pardner, you're sick still,' he said. 'I can see them crawling all over you now.'"

Austria's Case.

THE EARL OF DUNMORE, who is touring America, said in an address in Newark:

"Austria has lost her independence. She is nothing but a vassal to Germany. There is, indeed, something ludicrous about poor Austria's hopeless subjection.

"Austria reminds me of Mr. Henry Peck. Mr. Peck, little and thin, looked across the breakfast table at his herculean wife.

"'A letter for me, dear,' he said nervously. 'Shall I open it?'"

Catching His Train.

BESIDES being a magnificent soldier, Gen. Botha has a pretty wit.

On toward the end of the Boer war, during a colloquy between Botha and Kitchenor about armistice terms, Botha rose to go, when Kitchener said:

"Don't hurry. You've got no train to catch."

"That's just what I have," Botha answered, and bustled off.

Kitchener heard next day that Botha had carried out a raid that night, and captured a British armored train on the Delagoa line.